Sunday Shoes

Inspired by my wife Vanessa

Can you walk a mile
In my Sunday shoes?
Go to places I've been long and wide
Or some places you'll pay your dues?

Can you wear my shoes
That danced in God's praises
Cutting a step or two
Head reared back and voice raises high
Those old dusty Sunday shoes.

I walked places far as well a near
And back again to anywhere
To any place I want to go from here
And then again.

To marches long for freedom's cry
To church on a dusty country road
To the fields where cotton grow high
In my old dusty Sunday shoes.

Can you just walk in
These old dusty shoes?
Being foe or either friend
In those old dusty shoes.

If I have to walk to hell and back
I would in these dusty old shoes
But I only walk to church in them in fact
These old dusty Sunday shoes.

I'll keep walking in them until
The Good Master calls me home
Hoping someone will someday fill
These old dusty Sunday shoes.

Dec. 2007